THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

GEORGE DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS
HENRY PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON EIGHTH PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1673.

Choice Poetry.

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcomes you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

II.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The fault was all mine when I thought you were cooling,
And the maid was all right when she said you were fooling.

III.

She'll look through the trees at the cliff and the quay,
Where proud round the rath on the beach of the fairy,
Sits the queen of your dreams, as she looks for the boat
That goes out of your daring what girl you may get,

IV.

But she'll whisper you, "Leave us unchangingly true,"
Sure, remaining, I'll wish you no science to know,

V.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcomes you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The fault was all mine when I thought you were cooling,
And the lassie was all right when she said you were fooling.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:

STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANN OF CURSES," "SECRETARY AND CONFIDENTIAL WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE BABES AND THE WATCHERS.

To each his suffering—all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The happy for another's pain,
The wretched for his own.

The last speech has been made, the last toast drunk, and the last guest has departed—the time allotted is over of the Government House. And the Governor has sought the retirement and solitude of his own chamber, after the custom and etiquette of the day. Many of the lights of the house have not been lighted, and he is well contented that they are forgotten. After the glare, and heat, and noise, he finds the cool, dim, quiet, and soft-side, and silence of the hour very grateful to his jaded senses and perturbed spirit. And he sits alone for nearly half an hour, and then the door opens and a footman enters, who was called, and presents a card to his master.

"Duty be d——d!" exclaimed the rude sailor, Commodore Ledger. "Let the cook and the under-ster where he has thrown himself on first during—in a large, deep arm-chair, near one of the windows. The footman hastily extinguishes his errand, retires; but almost immediately after, the door opens again, and Mr. Daniel, the "herald of the State." And the State's Marshal enters, and announces up to the Governor, bowing, says:

"Mr. Hunter, I crave your Excellency's indulgence for my intrusion at the present hour, but I am charged with the duty of waiting upon you."

"Mr. Marshal, I am happy to see you. Take a seat, and let me know how I can serve you."

The Marshal lays upon the table, before the Governor, a document, and says:

"Sir, the gentlemen, whose names are subscribed to that petition, request an audience upon a matter of life and death."

The Governor lifts the cards, one by one, and reads:

"William Morris, Bishop of N——."—"Rev. Thomas Wilson, Rector of St. Thomas' Church."—"Major-General John Ryder, U. S. A."—"Commodore Walter P. Ranger, U. S. N."

"It is the petition," said the Governor. "Mr. Marshal, you may retire."

And the Marshal bowed and retired. A footman was then summoned, and the official presented and introduced.

"The Right Reverend Bishop Morris." "The Reverend Thomas Wilson." "Major-General John Ryder, U. S. A." "Commodore Ledger."

The Governor arose to receive them, and with a few words of welcome, he invited them to be seated.

"Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you! Pray be seated."

A footman in attendance drew forward chairs, and the visitors seated themselves, and the footman silence elapsed, and then Daniel Hunter, who was the eldest and most dignified, said:

"Gentlemen, I shall not be so good as to leave you in what manner I can be so happy as to serve you."

The venerable Bishop of M——, rose, and rising up to the table, laid upon it a folded document, and said:

"Will your Excellency grant me your permission to read this petition, which is signed by the most respectable of the citizens of ——?"

"It is the petition for O'Leary's reprieve?" said the Governor, interrogatively.

"It is, sir."

"Do me the favor to read it, reverend sir, and then give your seat to the gentlemen," said the Governor, resuming his chair.

The venerable prelate sat down, and unfolded the document, and commenced the perusal. The Governor turned towards the reader so as to attend, attentive countenance. The petition set forth at large, and most logically and eloquently, the causes why, in the opinion of the petitioners—the ministers of the law should not be executed upon the prisoner. It was signed by as large a number of persons—all of the first respectability—that the Bishop only turned the paper, and showed the Governor the length of the list. When the reading was concluded, the petition laid the document on the table, saying,

"Your Excellency has heard all we have to advance. I have only to add, on behalf of my fellow-petitioners, that we would not feel the interest in the fate of the prisoner would have brought us so far from home, but that we were impelled—"

"I thought of this exigency, and provided myself with this."

The Governor took up the pamphlet, and said,

"If you will permit me, gentlemen, I will look over this."

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Judge Turner, speaking for the others. "We would not have you do anything unadvisedly, and without full understanding of the facts."

Daniel Hunter examined the evidence leisurely and thoughtfully, and then laid down the pamphlet by the side of the petition, and remained silent for the space of several minutes, which seemed in his company as many hours. At length he spoke,

"Gentlemen, I cannot too strongly avow my sympathy with the humanity and kindness of heart that has brought you here this night. Nor can I adequately express to you the pain I feel in being compelled to refuse your petition."

Here an expression of deep pain came upon the face of his visitors, and was reflected in that of the Governor. He went on to say,

"Gentlemen, I had made it appear thoroughly well acquainted with the case of William O'Leary before to-night, and from my soul I believe him guilty. To right I deny the truth of your petition, and I have referred again to the evidence of the case, and I see if there was anything that in the first reading had escaped my attention, and which should yet influence my decision in the premises. And I feel neither do I see here. The trial has been conducted with the due formality, and with the most deliberation, impartiality and humanity. The guilt of the prisoner seems to me to be an indubitable fact. I cannot have the slightest doubt of it, nor do I think it possible that any one else can. Gentlemen, I think that the judge and jury have performed their duty in convicting and sentencing this man. I am glad that they have done so—that he has undergone a fair trial, and has received the stern hand of justice. Mercy to the guilty is too often cruelty to the innocent. Your mercy to one criminal is the sacrifice of a thousand of the innocent. The pardon of a murderer is a fearful deed, a fearful responsibility. We know not how much the hope of impunity tempts to crime! Let the consequence of evidence to the criminal be sure, swift, unchangeable, irresistible, and not a murderer would dare to shed blood. Let the hanging penalties, would hold them in some check, and many a plotting villain would hesitate ere he set fire to a house, and murder the inmates for their plunder. Gentlemen, I am sorry to refuse you, but I will answer you that it is the only motive that can be brought to bear upon my solution—that, in the sight of God, I cannot, I dare not relieve the guilty, but to present the inoffensive, the innocent, and the helpless from harm, the guilty paudons from breaking into court crime. The law is not vyhemency, but retributive justice is better to err on the side of mercy. Only the Governor is reformatory. The time may come when moral reasons shall govern the world, but the time for moral suasion will govern the world, but the moral reasons shall govern the world, but the time for moral suasion will govern the world, but the time for moral suasion will govern the world, but the time for moral suasion will

SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in *advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

TO OUR READERS.

Feeling the necessity of a little recreation, we have laid down the laboring oar for awhile, and design spending a few weeks in a Northern tour. Our place will be filled during our absence by a gentleman well known in the literary world, whose fresh and vigorous mind will, we trust, add fresh interest to our columns.

THE EDITOR.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS—WHO IS TO BLAME?

A large outlay of popular and newspaper indignation follows every new catastrophe in which the travelling community are the sufferers, and numberless are the strictures, various the suggestions, which such an event calls forth—for a day or two. From the denunciatory resolutions of "a meeting of the passengers" to the breakfast-table animadversions of citizens at home, a round of abuse and reprehension is visited on the devoted "railroad companies" and their "reckless employees." But, *cui bono?* In what does public indignation end? How is travel thereby made more secure? Will there be no accidents in the future?

We incline to the opinion that, after all, railroad companies are not the positively delinquent parties; we conjecture that the skirts of our travelling public are not wholly clear of moral responsibility in the premises. Corporations, it is said, "have no souls," and it is therefore suggested that they sympathize very little with human souls or bodies; but it is a fact, likewise, that corporations have *pockets*, and that they bestow upon them at least as much attention as do individuals. Yet, according to the popular bruit, a "Railroad Company" is not only a "murderous Moloch," but a crazy monomaniac, scattering and ruining its own wealth, as well as the lives of its patrons. We are required to believe that these merciless corporations find a fiendish pleasure in destroying human existence—so much so, that the most stringent laws are requisite to restrain them—and that, moreover, they are willing to perpetrate this violence at *their own expense*, i. e. by blowing up their own steamboats, smashing their own cars, and laying themselves and property open to a thousand suits at law for heavy damages.

Now, with due deference to public opinion, we do not believe that railroad companies are such desperate gamesters as they are pictured, nor that their employees are so recklessly regardless of their own and other people's lives as they are said to be. We look deeper into the matter and behold the cause of nearly all our serious accidents in the culpable indifference of the travelling public to its own safety and welfare, in the wild demands which it continually makes upon railroads, steamboats, and every other mode of conveyance, for "speed, speed! more speed!" And the editors are not behind the community; for it is they who chronicle the "fast-lines," crow with delight over the "quickest Atlantic trip," boast of the "unprecedented time" made by this or that steamboat, and deprecate and condemn all "slow lines" which "delay the mails" and "disappoint the merchants."

We venture to say, that many passengers on the train from Philadelphia on the occasion of the late accident, were annoyed at the stoppages and slowness of that train, while, on the other hand, doubtless many in the New York train were congratulating themselves on "making time" a moment previous to the collision. We have seen passengers fret and fidget at every cautionary delay on a railroad, and heard them draw unfavorable comparisons regarding different lines, in which the adjective "fast," invariably qualified their favorite ones. These things are what in reality constitute public opinion, and not indignation nor passenger-meetings, subsequent to an accident. It is these continual demands and fault-findings on the part of travellers, which urge railroad and steamboat companies often into unwise and unwarrantable efforts to meet their requirements, by begetting dangerous competition on the score of speed.

So much for public responsibility; nevertheless, we are not disposed to relieve travel-contractors of their due share. They are bound to provide good and safe roads, faithful conductors, sober, competent engineers, and reliable brakemen, bridge-tenders, and signal-men. Whether or not they shall lay double tracks, is not a question for the public, because it mainly involves the convenience and interest of the companies, and because, moreover, it is yet a question whether a double-track is a safeguard against accidents. Certain it is, that by far the greater number of casualties heretofore chronicled have taken place upon double-track roads; and it is obvious, also, that double-tracks would be of little benefit, without strict rules to govern their use, and such strict rules, properly enforced, would render single ones quite as free from danger.

In considering, therefore, the amount of culpability to be charged upon a company on whose roads an accident transpires, we must be soberly governed by facts, as to the rules, restrictions and habits in force upon the line. In the case of the terrible Norwalk catastrophe, a positive regulation was proved, and an equal disregard thereof, removing from the company a large portion of the odium. Nevertheless, this sad accident proved that a more stringent rule, enjoining a full stop* before reaching the bridge, was necessary for the future safety of travel. On the occasion of a late accident on the Baltimore Railroad, it was shown, in evidence, that the mistake of a bewildered bridge-tender was the direct cause of the train being precipitated into the river. Here no foresight in the company could have guarded against the fatality. And now, in the case of the collision of Tuesday, of last week, on the Camden and Amboy road, we find that a "difference of watches," an unthinking desire on the part of a conductor to "make time," are given as the occasion of the accident,—together with the fact that, in the locality of the collision, the track makes a sudden and dangerous curve. It is the existence of this curve alone which involves a responsibility on the part of the Camden and Amboy Company, regarding the unfortunate affair, and we have taken the pains to inquire why such a drawback on safety is allowed to continue?

We have been informed that the railroad in question was originally [illegible] contracts which provided [illegible] payment upon each grade [illegible] in consequence of which, many more than were actually needed were found to have been allowed by the contractors. Whether this be correct or not, it is certain that no more crooked road existed than was the Camden and Amboy some years back; but of late it has been straightened and improved, many portions, especially in the neighborhood of Jamesburg and Hightstown, being relieved of their tedious windings at great expense. This straightening process, we learn, has proceeded as fast as possible, the terms of the railroad charter providing that no land should be appropriated without the consent and disposal of the owners thereof; and this clause, it is said, has subjected the company to exorbitant charges by landholders. In the case of the curve whereon the accident of last week took place, we are furthermore informed, that several offers have been made for contiguous land possessed by a resident, but that the owners' high price, several times the worth of the property, has compelled the construction and maintenance of the fatal track. That it would have been economy for the company to have purchased, this land at the utmost sacrifice, and thus prevented the losses which this catastrophe must entail, is evident; but that railroad companies, any more than individuals, can be expected to submit to great extortions, is a question yet debateable.

In these remarks we are guided by our own ideas of justice and responsibility, and desire to screen no man nor set of men from deserved censure. Laws are necessary for the regulation of corporations and the prevention or punishment of criminal carelessness. We would be content to see the ancient law of *Deodand* revived and applied to the case of accidents, if that could prevent or remedy such things. And we would make it imperative upon all companies contracting to convey travellers, that they provide and maintain every requisite aid to the security of their freight in life or limb—even if such security involve the necessity of reduced rates of speed. But indiscriminate attacks on corporations, and violent meetings and editorials, cannot prevent purely adventitious occurrences; and the hanging of a conductor or engineer for carelessness which risked his own life, will not prevent some other conductor from neglecting his caution. The only security against railway and steamboat accidents, is the enactment of sensible laws regarding travel, the exercise of care by companies in the selection of employees, and the instruction and governance of such by the most positive regulations. With these provisions for security in travel, we must leave the result to a providence higher than human foresight.

A.

* Yet we are told this "full stop" now occasions much dissatisfaction on the part of impatient passengers.

THE TURKO-RUSSIAN QUESTION.

From the last foreign advices, it will be seen that the aspect of this affair remains as before, except, indeed, that so much it has progressed as to place what purports to be the ultimatum of Turkey before the decision of the Czar. Should the Russian Monarch decline to accept the proposition, whatever it may involve, of France and England, he must either accompany his rejection with a new proposition, or, it is understood, he must proceed in his aggressive measures. Already in occupancy of Servia, the bulk of whose inhabitants are Slavonian, professing the Greek faith, he will have nothing to do but advance to the borders of that country, in order to precipitate a war, and as many conjecture, a general rising. Much talk has been heard, of late years, concerning the jealousy of the Slavonian races regarding their national affinities, and it has been asserted that the various Sclavic people, inside what is termed the "Military Frontier" of Austria, have always been desirous of erecting their separate nationalities into a grand confederacy, called the Pan-Slavic Republic. As far back as the days of Maria Theresa, an effort was made, commencing in Bohemia, to detach all the Slavonian races from the Germans proper, and construct of them a separate empire; and at various periods since, the poets and theorists of Bohemia, Transylvania, Moravia, Gallicia, and in some instances of Hungary and Croatia, have sung and prophesied the future glories of Pan-Slavism. For a year or two preceding the general out-break of 1848, various risings occurred among the different Slavonic nations, before a single demonstration was made by the Maygars of Hungary. Indeed, the Croat chieftain, Ban Jellachich, was accused of instigating the first revolt against "legitimate" power, inasmuch as the Croatian people, in many parts of the country, rose furiously and massacred the German population resident among them; and moreover threatened to march forward, overrun Hungary, and even attack Vienna and the Austrian centralism. It was against this Ban Jellachich and his Croats that the first Maygar victories were gained, while he, the Ban, was yet a rebel, and the Maygars fought, as they supposed, on the side of Austria.

Now, it is known that the Slavonic races comprise the greater portion of the so-called German nation—Austria proper being a small central kingdom, or, as it was called a hundred years ago, a Grand Duchy. But having so many and various nations to rule, Austria has adopted a complete system of centralization. Thus in Vienna, we find bureaus or departments for each race or nation governed by the Emperor. We find the *Bohemian* Minister in his palace at Vienna, attending exclusively to the affairs of Bohemia; and through him the Bohemian home government is directed. We find in the *Italian* quarter, the palace of the Italian Minister; in the *Croat* quarter, the Croat Minister; in the *Hungarian* quarter, the Hungarian Minister; and so on, for every nation, Moravians, Bulgarians, Transylvanians, Zends, Polanders, and every other tribe of Sclaves, its appropriate minister can be found in Vienna, and he is responsible to the Emperor for the administration of such affairs as come under the head of his national wants.

This is one aspect of Austria's centralism—but it suggests all the rest of the vast machinery. Through these ministers she governs her immense possessions, as much as possible according to the spirit of each nation. Thus she allows Croatia a Diet—and in past times she has permitted Hungary to elect a separate King, independent of Austria, except in the payment of a certain revenue, and furnishing assistance in war. To Bohemia she gives certain privileges denied to Wallachia, and so on, according as she finds the spirit of a particular nation resisting or obeying her constant approaches toward absolutism.

Beyond the borders of Hungary and Croatia, and stretching to Servia, and other districts hitherto generally in possession of the Turks, Austria has established what is termed, her "Military Frontier." This district is settled principally by German soldiers, their wives and families. All German children born on this frontier serve in the army, and German emigration from Saxony, Austria proper, etc., is liberally encouraged. Thus, by establishing this "Military Frontier," ostensibly as a defence against Turkey, the central government has managed to surround the Slavonic nations with a cordon of professional soldiers, who are moreover attached to the soil, because of being born and bred upon it. This is another feature of that tremendous system which enables the House of Hapsburg to keep in check such a multitudinous army of subjects opposed to Austria in manners, language, and religion.

We say religion, because the Greek faith is almost universally prevalent among the Slavonic tribes. At least twenty millions of Greek church believers are comprised in Austria's subjects; and every one of these recognizes in the Emperor of *Russia* the head of his church. The Austrian's proper are Roman Catholics—five millions, or less of Maygars are Lutherans, but the great bulk of the empire is Greek in faith.

Now, supposing Russia, occupying Servia, whose inhabitants are of the Greek Church, should attack and seek to conquer the Turkish dominions—several interesting questions arise.

First, will the Servian Greeks exchange the rule of the Porte for that of the Czar, or will they endeavor to conquer their own nationality?

Second, would the war afford an opportunity for the long-talked of "Union" of the Slavonic races, against the German dominion?

Third, would the Slavonic nationality, or would the Slavonic religious faith, be the principal bond of union?

These queries suggest many events which the future may "open up." Want of space at present obliges us to discontinue the discussion, inasmuch as we designed merely to direct the reader's attention to the general prospect of affairs which may arise from this Turkish question. Certain it is, however, that a war upon the Turko-Russian frontier, involving, very likely the aid of Austria, will present opportunities of revolt among the southern tribes such as they have not before beheld; and will very probably settle the question as to the restlessness of the Slavonic nations under Austrian domination.

A.

FROM HEAVEN.

On Monday last we enjoyed a cool North-East storm, as powerful as opportune.

"Fierce and fast
Came down the ponderous rain—a sheeted flood,
That slanted not before the baffled winds,
But with an arrowy and unwavering rush,
Dashed, hissing, earthward."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.—By the arrival of the Africa, we have later advices from Europe:

RUSSO-TURKISH AFFAIRS.—The Sultan has signed the agreement dictated by France, England and Austria, and would send an Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Beyond this, nothing further in regard to the settlement of the present difficulties has transpired. The Porte's protest against the occupation of the principalities by the Czar, is temperately written. The various Bourses appear to regard peace as secured, and the funds continue firm.

ANOTHER HUNGARIAN RESCUED FROM AUSTRIA.—Accounts from Smyrna give an interesting statement of the rescue of another Hungarian from the Austrian authorities. The Hungarian in question (his name is not given,) escaped from Beyrout, and at Smyrna went on board the Lloyds Austrian steamer, where he was recognized and arrested by the captain as an Austrian subject. He jumped overboard from the steamer, and getting on shore, applied to the American Consul for protection, who immediately demanded the release of the fugitive, and forced the captain of the steamer to deliver up the refugee, and also his wife and children, who, with the husband, had been arrested after the latter escaped from the steamer.

VIENNA, July 29.—The American Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople has written to this Government, that "Martin Koszta owes no allegiance to the Emperor of Austria," and that the imprisonment of that person after he had tendered a civil oath to the American Government, "is not only a very regrettable violation of international law, but an act of disrespect, which will not soon be forgotten."

THE INQUISITION AT ROME.—The prisons of the Inquisition in Rome were, as is well known, [illegible]

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

An official estimate gives the following as the mining population of Australia: 15,000 at Mount Alexander, 12,000 at Bendigo, 1,500 at Korong, 1,500 at Cosy Hill, 1,000 at Ballarat, and 3,000 at the ovens, making 46,000 in the aggregate.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF AMOY.—NEW YORK, August 11.—A telegraphic despatch from London, received just prior to the sailing of the Africa, stated that intelligence had been received from China, of the capture of Amoy by the rebels after a severe fight, and that Canton was threatened. Shanghai was quiet.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, Esq., whose wife and daughter were badly injured by the late railroad disaster at Norwalk, has made a settlement with the railroad corporation. The sum paid was ten thousand dollars. Mr. Griswold is said to be dying of consumption. He is lying dangerously ill at the residence of his wife's kindred in Bangor, Maine, we are informed that his medical advisers pronounce his recovery impossible. The New York Post says, he had recently married; his wife had been presented with a beautiful house, worth between twenty and thirty thousand dollars.

THE INDIANS OF UTAH.—The Interior Department have advices from Brigham Young, saying that the Indians of Utah are quiet, and so far peaceably inclined. He remarks that they continue the habit of disposing of their children to the Mexicans as slaves, and that he has succeeded in nearly entirely putting an end to this "unchristian practice."

The late Austrian Consul at Smyrna arrived at Athens on the 15th ult. He had been dismissed on account of the late events at Smyrna.

The mails from the Great Salt Lakes arrived at Sacramento on the 9th, bringing news from Deseret to June 19th. Hon. Chief Justice Reed arrived at Great Salt Lake City June 8th, and took the oath of office, administered by Brigham Young in person.

The Mormon settlement was prospering, and the agricultural affairs of the place looked promising.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—Judge Edmonds, of New York, is out in a long article on the spirit rappings. He throws no new light upon the subject, but reiterates the writer's implicit belief that the rappings and table movings are the works of spirits, and repeats that he has had frequent communications from the dead. He professes to have sought earnestly for the motive of these manifestations, [illegible]

[illegible]

RAILROAD CATASTROPHES.

[illegible]

THE FISHERIES.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

RESULT OF ELECTIONS.

ALABAMA.—Mobile, Thursday, Aug. 4, 1853, P. M.—Col. Winston, Democrat, is undoubtedly elected Governor. There are four candidates running, viz.: Winston, Dem.; Richard W. Walker, and W. S. Earnest, Whigs, and Col. Nicks, Union Democrat. The vote for Congress in the first district is very close, and both parties claim the election of their candidate; the probabilities, however, are that Phillips, Democrat, is elected.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Baltimore, Aug. 11.—North Carolina is reported to have elected five Democratic Congressmen, including Clingman, and three Whigs, Rogers, Kerr, and Puryear. Aug. 12.—By the Southern mail this morning, we have further election returns from North Carolina. Craige (Dem.) beats Osborne, in the seventh district, by about 300 votes. This leaves the election of four Democrats and three Whigs, with Clingman's district to hear from.

TENNESSEE.—Memphis, Aug. 11.—The majority for Andrew Johnson, Democrat, for Governor, will be between 2 and 3,000.

In the second Congressional district, Wm. M. Churchwell, Democrat, is thought to be elected over Horace Maynard, Whig.

In the third district, Saml. A. Smith, Democrat, is elected over Van Dyke, his competitor. Stephen V. Perett, is elected to Congress in the seventh district, over Bugg, Whig. Thus far 3 Whigs and 3 Democrats are known to be elected. The contest is close in the other districts.

TEXAS.—New Orleans, Aug. 10.—Dates from Galveston to the 4th instant have been received. The election for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Legislature, two members of Congress and local officers, came off on the 1st inst.

The vote of eighteen counties in the Eastern part of the State is close between Pease, Democrat, for Governor, and Judge Ochiltree, Whig.

For Congress, in the first district, Smyth, Democrat, is elected. In the second district, Henry, Democrat, has a majority. Cameron county, on the Rio Grande, has gone Democratic.

Crosby is elected Commissioner of the Land Office.

The Legislature will probably be Democratic.

IMPORTANT POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

[illegible]

SOUTH AMERICA.

[illegible]

FRENCH ITEMS.

A young woman, about 21 years of age, made a balloon ascent from Mount Marson last week, and after travelling nearly sixty miles through the air, fell out on making her descent, and was instantly killed.

A few nights since, a wood-ranger fell asleep by his fire, in Eclert Forest, and being awakened by the touch of something cold, found, to his horror, that his legs and arms were encircled by a whole colony of snakes, which had been attracted to the spot by the heat. The man had the courage to attack them so vigorously as soon to get rid of them, and the next day he presented the bodies of fifty to the Mayor of his Commune. They were generally about three feet in length.

Monet, the man condemned to death a few days since for the murder of the Mayor of Unes, attempted last Sunday to commit suicide in the jail at Varanes. He cut his left breast badly with a piece of broken bottle, and attempted to open several of his veins. None of the wounds, however, were very serious. He is now under strict *surveillance*.

The *Court of Assizes*, at Fribourg, has commenced the trial of the leaders in the last insurrection at that place. M. Perrier, the ringleader, admits himself to have been at the head of the expedition, but denies that he organized it. He says it was organized by "*general discontent*."

A mechanic, who is building himself a small house near Paris, has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for stealing his materials from the Palace of the Elysee.

A French paper states that the Emperor is on the point of according to a firm in Nantes the privilege of introducing into the Antilles, from the Coast of Africa, four thousand hired negroes.

A tailor, named Joly, has been sentenced to three days' imprisonment and five francs fine, for practising medicine in his shop. He professed to be a scientific somnambulist.

The sword worn by Napoleon at the Battle of Marengo, and which was given as a souvenir to Chevalier de Sonnes, one of his best officers, has been presented by the King of Sardinia, who received it from the family of De Sonnes, to the royal arsenal of Turin.

Rossini, the composer, has left Bologna, and established himself in a handsome residence which he recently purchased in Florence. It is said, however, that he will pass the next winter in Paris.

Last Saturday, the neighborhood of Notre Dame was thrown into a state of excitement, by [illegible]

[illegible]

Clippings.

"HAST thou ever yet loved, Henrietta?" I sighed.
"I should rather imagine I had," she replied;
"Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray,
When you helped me the third time to pudding to-day?"

☞ The other day a small boy came tearing round a corner, with his togs fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a pepper-box, who stood nearly quarter of a mile down the street:—"Oh! Bill! Bill! git as many boys as ever you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up the street, round the corner, as soon as ever you can, for there's a great big, large hogs'd of 'lasses busted on the pavement—bound all to smash!"

☞ A MONKEY DEVOURED BY A TIGER.—As a monkey was climbing up the iron bars on to the top of a cage in which was confined a tiger, in Nutter's animal exhibition, on the corner of Court and Walnut Streets, the tiger reached out one of his paws, and dragged the monkey into the cage. The tiger caught it up in his mouth and commenced eating it. The screams of the monkey soon brought the keeper to the spot, but it was too late, and the tiger soon devoured it.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ The highest tax paid in New York is by Wm. B. Astor, whose tax this year is something over $80,000.

☞ Slander, at one time, was an offence punishable by statutory enactment in Massachusetts. A slanderer, a back-biter, or a mischief-maker was regarded as a pest to society, and laws provided for the exemplary punishment of all such offenders, as will be seen, in part, by the following extracts from the ancient records of Massachusetts: "*Thomas Pont for suspicion of slander*, idleness, and stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold." "*Captain Stone*, for abusing Mr. Ludlow, (a Justice of the Peace,) and calling him *Justass*, is fined £100, and prohibited [illegible]

[illegible]

BEEN TO JERSEY.

[illegible]

Local News.

GEN. JOHN BENNETT died suddenly in this city on [illegible] [illegible] at the [illegible], where he had been confined during the day in a very warm apartment. On his way home, after leaving the institution, he met his friend, Col. Wood, to whom he complained of being unwell. At the suggestion of Col. Wood, he went into the house of the latter, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut Streets, where he washed himself with cold water and laid down upon a sofa, but being unable to rest, he started to go home, complaining much of the heat and of a pain in his head. [illegible] Dr. Mann [illegible] Still every effort was made by Mr. Manning and his family, and the physicians, to restore the sufferer, but in vain. He died at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—Mr. Abraham Woodside, the artist, fell in Chesnut Street, below Fifth on Monday morning, from the effects of the heat. He was immediately carried into the room of Mr. [illegible], where he was medically attended by Drs. Z. King [illegible]; but their efforts proved unavailing, and he died in less than an hour from the time he was [illegible]. The deceased was a son of the late Mr. John A. Woodside, the painter, and in the 52nd year of his age.

PHILADELPHIA is taking means to place the City Proper and [illegible] governments under one head, and a Consolidation Ticket to that effect has been formed. We find several of the principal lawyers leading the movement. In the year 1844 a similar effort was made without success, the lawyers voting it down. They have learned better since.—The public now appears ripe for placing the whole city, of some half million inhabitants, under one local government.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 259—Adults 99 and children 160.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

and Yellow Pine Boards at $14a15, and Spruce Joist at $16 per M feet.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 6th inst.	feet	1,171,572
Previously		27,202,203
Total this season		28,373,775

MOLASSES—The market is inactive, and the only sales reported are small lots of Cuba at 20c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—About 700 barrels Rosin sold in small lots at $1,56a2,20 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in better demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 300 bbls at 49a 50c, cash and on time.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Fish Oils, and there is a fair inquiry for lots, from store. Sales of Linseed Oil in lots at 67a69c. Lard Oil remains without change. A sale of Winter at 90 cts.

The following are the total imports of Sperm and Whale Oil into the United States, for the week ending the 8th inst., and for the year thus far:

	Bbls. Sperm.	Bbls. Whale.
Total for the week	1,101	5,297
Previously	63,776	253,393
From Jan. 1 to date	65,877	240,690
Same time last year	41,303	72,784

PLASTER—Is in good demand. Two cargoes of Soft sold at $3 per ton.

RICE—The sales have been only in small lots at $4,25a4,37½, on time.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is out of season. Timothy has been more inquired after, and 300 barrels sold, mostly to go out of the market at $2,50a3 per bushel. Flaxseed is worth $1,30a1,35.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy and Wine has just arrived from Charente, which has not yet commenced landing. Prices rule fully 20 per cent. higher now than a month ago. Prices of Gin remain without change. N. E. Rum sells in small lots at 30a31 cts. Whiskey—The market is bare of bbls. We quote at 28c. Sales of hhds at 28c, and Drudge at 26 cts.

SUGAR—The market has been exceedingly quiet since our last notice, and the demand limited. Prices, however, remain without change. Sales of 4a500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico within the range of 4½a 5½c, and 1,100 bags white Brazil at 6½a7c per lb, on [illegible]

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 12.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

Aug. 1853.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
20 Saturday,	5 18	6 42	3 22	
21 Sunday,	5 19	6 41	4 2	
22 Monday,	5 20	6 40	4 56	
23 Tuesday,	5 21	6 39	5 [illegible]	D. H. M.
24 Wedn'day,	5 23	6 37	6 20	New 4 6 26
25 Thursday,	5 14	6 36	7 3	First 11 10 32
26 Friday,	5 25	6 35	7 47	Full 18 5 20
27 Saturday,	5 26	6 34	2 35	Last 26 10 34

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Jas. H. Kennard, Mr WILLIAM L. COCHRAN, to Miss ELLEN TAYLOR, both of Delaware county.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. JAMES FORGRAVE, to Miss ELIZA GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 19th of April last, at the Parsonage of the Sansom Street Baptist Church, by the Rev. J. Dowling, D. D., GEORGE R. HULRICK, to CAROLINE CONNELLY, both of Spring Garden.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN W. MORGAN, to Miss SOPHIA BRAINARD.

On the 9th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, JOSEPH JOHNSON, to Miss MARY E. LUKENS, daughter of Jos. Lukens, all of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM TIBBY, of Fruxburg, to Miss ALMIRA MADDEN, of Millville, Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. Mr Barline, WILLIAM OTTLEY, to Miss MARY GREAVNER, all of this city.

On the 3d of Jan. by the Rev. John P. Hall, of Cape Island, Mr. THOMAS S. SHOEMAKER, formerly of this city, to Miss EMMA EDWARDS, of Dennisville, Cape May county, N. J.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Father Sheridan, of St. Michael's Church, Mr. WILLIAM JERVIS, to Miss ELIZABETH BEATH, all of Kensington.

On the 9th inst. in the Arch Street Church, by the Rev. Mr. McClure, Mr. JULIUS LEE, to Miss LIZZIE A. WALKER, both of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. W. O Johnstone, of Kensington, Mr. ROBERT CONDIE, to Miss RACHEL ARMSTRONG.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Smith, Mr. CHARLES RODGERS, to Miss ANN J. HERNDOBOUGH, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. James Sewell, Mr. THOMAS H. STEWART, to Miss SARAH D. McLEAN, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. PHILIP KARCHER, Jr. to Miss MARGARET HEILEY.

On the 15th of June, by the same, Captain JAMES [illegible]

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (fourteen lines) one insertion, [illegible]
" " [illegible] [illegible]
" " six months, $25.00
" " a year, $40.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that ROBERT WILSON, of the Township of [illegible], in the county of Burlington and State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscribers, of his estate, for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims, under oath or affirmation, within the term of three months. Also, all persons indebted to said Robert Wilson, either on Bonds, Notes, Books of Account or otherwise, are desired to make immediate payment.

DANIEL WILLS,
HENRY BROWN,
Assignees.

aug13-3t*
Dated Vincent Town, 23d July, A.D. 1853.

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG MEN.

I OFFER for sale upwards of thirty different Receipts, many of which have been sold the past year for five dollars a piece, and the whole comprising so many different ways to make money. In the sale of one of the articles alone, I have known young men the past year to make from five to twelve dollars per day; and in the manufacture and sale of any one of the articles, no young man of energy and ability can fail to make money.

Address E. BOWMAN, Boston, Mass., enclosing one dollar, and the whole number of Receipts will be forwarded by mail. No letters taken from the office unless prepaid.

500 AGENTS WANTED.

$1,000 A-YEAR.

WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY OF THE UNITED STATES, active and enterprising men, to engage in the sale of some of the best Books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from $25 to $100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from $3 to $10 a day profit.

☞ The books published by us are all useful in their character, extremely popular and command large sales wherever they are offered.

[illegible]

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED

[illegible]

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

[illegible]

REMOVAL.

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,

HARDWARE JOBBERS,

[illegible]

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

[illegible]

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!

34 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN FARREL.

[illegible]

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL

For the rapid Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,

BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH,

CROUP, ASTHMA, AND

CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!

THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

FITS, SPASMS, CRAMPS, AND ALL NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES.

[illegible]

CURING EPILEPSY,

FALLING FITS.

[illegible]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

[illegible]

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LETTER I.

[illegible]

[illegible] Yet he is in the [illegible] the first [illegible]

[illegible] Basel and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.—By the arrival of the Africa, we have later advices from Europe:

RUSSO-TURKISH AFFAIRS.—The Sultan has signed the agreement dictated by France, England and Austria, and would send an Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Beyond this, nothing further in regard to the settlement of the present difficulties has transpired. The Porte's protest against the occupation of the principalities by the Czar, is temperately written. The various Bourses appear to regard peace as secured, and the funds continue firm.

AUSTRIAN HUNGARIAN RESCUED FROM AUSTRIA.—Accounts from Smyrna give an interesting statement of the rescue of another Hungarian from the Austrian authorities. The Hungarian in question (his name is not given,) escaped from Beyrout, and at Smyrna went on board the Lloyds Austrian steamer, where he was recognized and arrested by the captain as an Austrian subject. He jumped overboard from the steamer, and getting on shore, applied to the American Consul for protection, who immediately demanded the release of the fugitive, and forced the captain of the steamer to deliver up the refugee, and also his wife and children, who, with the husband, had been arrested after the latter escaped from the steamer.

VIENNA, July 29.—The American Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople has written to this Government, that "Martin Koszta owes no allegiance to the Emperor of Austria," and that [illegible]

[illegible]

ARRIVAL OF THE HUMBOLDT.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

An official estimate gives the following as the mining population of Australia: 15,000 at Mount Alexander, 12,000 at Bendigo, 1,500 at Korong, 1,500 at Cairy Hill, 1,000 at Ballarat, and 2,000 at the ovens, making 46,000 in the aggregate.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF AMOY.—NEW YORK, August 11.—A telegraphic despatch from London, received just prior to the sailing of the Africa, stated that intelligence had been received from China, of the capture of Amoy by the rebels after a severe fight, and that Canton was threatened. Shanghai was quiet.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, Esq., whose wife and daughter were badly injured by the late railroad disaster at Norwalk, has made a settlement with the railroad corporation. The sum paid was ten thousand dollars. Mr. Griswold is said to be dying of consumption. He is lying dangerously ill at the residence of his wife's kindred in Bangor, Maine; we are informed that his medical advisers pronounce his recovery impossible. The New York Post says, he had recently married; his wife had been presented with a beautiful house, worth between twenty and thirty thousand dollars.

THE INDIANS OF UTAH.—The Interior Department have advices from Brigham Young, saying that the Indians of Utah are quiet, and so far peaceably inclined. He remarks that they continue the habit of disposing of their children to the Mexicans as slaves, and that he has succeeded in nearly entirely putting an end to this "unchristian practice."

The late Austrian Consul at Smyrna arrived at Athens on the 15th ult. He had been dismissed on account of the late events at Smyrna.

The mails from the Great Salt Lakes arrived at Sacramento on the 9th, bringing news from Deseret to June 19th. Hon. Chief Justice Reed arrived at Great Salt Lake City June 6th, and took the oath of office, administered by Brigham Young in person.

The Mormon settlement was prospering, and the agricultural affairs of the place looked promising.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—Judge Edmonds, of New York, is out in a long article on the spirit rappings. [illegible]

RAILROAD CATASTROPHES.

[illegible]

THE FISHERIES.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

RESULT OF ELECTIONS.

[illegible]

IMPORTANT POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

[illegible]

SOUTH AMERICA.

[illegible]

FRENCH ITEMS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

Local News.

GEN. JOHN BENNETT died suddenly in this city on [illegible]. The deceased was engaged at the Widow [illegible], where he had been confined during the day in a very warm apartment. On his way home, after leaving the institution, he met his friend, Col. Wentz, to whom he complained of being unwell. At the suggestion of Col. Wentz, he went into the house of the latter, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut Streets, where he washed himself with cold water and laid down upon a sofa, but being unable to rest, he started to go home, complaining much of the heat and of a pain in his head. When he arrived in Third Street, near Callowhill, he stopped at the N. L. Reading-Room and sat down. He did not speak to any one, and several minutes elapsed before his condition attracted attention. [illegible] The physicians, to restore the sufferer, but in vain. He died at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—Mr. Abraham Woodside, the artist, fell in Chesnut Street, below Fifth on Monday morning, from the effects of the heat. He was immediately carried into the room of Mr. [illegible], where he was medically attended by Drs. [illegible]; but their efforts proved unavailing, and he died in less than an hour from the time he was [illegible]. The deceased was a son of the late Mr. John A. Woodside, the painter, and in the 32nd year of his age.

PHILADELPHIA is taking means to place the City Proper and various district governments under one head, and a Consolidation Ticket to that effect has been formed. We find several of the principal lawyers leading the movement. In the year 1844 a similar effort was made without success, the lawyers voting it down. They have learned better since.— The public now appears ripe for placing the whole city, of some half million inhabitants, under one local government.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

[illegible]

BEEN TO JERSEY.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

and Yellow Pine Boards at $14a15, and Spruce Joist at $10 per M feet.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 6th inst. feet 1,121,578

Previously 27,302,203

Total this season 28,073,775 [illegible]

MOLASSES—The market is inactive, and the only sales reported are small lots of Cuba at 28c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—About 700 barrels Rosin sold in small lots at $1,50a2,20 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in better demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 300 bbls at 60a 50c, cash and on time.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Fish Oils, and there is a fair inquiry for lots, from store. Sales of Linseed Oil in lots at 68a69c. Lard Oil remains without change. A sale of Winter at 90 cts.

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From Jan. 1 to date	65,877	240,690
Same time last year	4[illegible],383	72,784

PLASTER—Is in good demand. Two imports of Soft sold at $3 per ton.

RICE—The sales have been only in small lots at $4,25a4,37½, on time.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is out of season. Timothy has been more inquired after, and 300 barrels sold, mostly to go out of the market at $2,50a3 per bushel. Flaxseed is worth $1,30a1,35.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy and Wine has just arrived from Charente, which has not yet commenced landing. Prices rule fully 20 per cent. higher now than a month ago. Prices of Gin remain without change. N. E. Rum sells in small lots at 30a31 cts. Whiskey—The market is bare of bbls. We quote at 28c. Sales of hhds at 28c, and Drudge at 26 cts.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 13.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20, 1853.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG MEN.

[illegible]

500 AGENTS WANTED. $1,000 A YEAR.

[illegible]

ENVELOPES

[illegible]

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED TO SELL PICTORIAL AND USEFUL WORKS FOR THE YEAR 1853.

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

[illegible]

REMOVAL.

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO., HARDWARE JOBBERS.

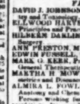
[illegible]

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

[illegible]

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE! 34 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.



[illegible]

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

For the rapid Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

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[illegible]

CURING EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

[illegible]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE NEW ORDER OF NOBILITY.

[illegible]

Or questioned—to rank as "The Good."

[illegible]

The vile and worthy—false and true—
The noble and ignoble—still
Two classes only place in view:
And better here, dishonor there,
With us no other names may bear.

[illegible]

And let the good be hailed "The Good;"
"The bold," "The Tried," the brave, "The Brave!"—

[illegible]

Look on our noble once again,—
Have nobler graced the ranks of old.
No death-career [illegible] his honors stain:
[illegible]
But with an earnest, loving heart,
He toileth still, and plays his part.

No painted badge, no tinsel star,
[illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Sketch.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[illegible]

I had made a new idol for my heart. I had declared I would never cause my sorrow to her, by denying to her love one of its earnest wishes. And now I was doing this. I was making her grieve; I was risking the leaving her desolate to the end of her days. For the sake of what? For the sake of a soldier's ambition! Ambition! As though to wear the grey hairs of a good old man were not a nobler hope than to die in a trench, or live, shuddering with the memory of carnage, [illegible], and all the nameless horrors of a war!

I cannot tell all the sorrows of that parting. An infatuation burned in my head, and blinded me. At length I went. Jennie's last blessing upbraided me more deeply than her first reproach. When she knew that I should go, she said not one more desponding word; and then did I feel how gentle she was in sorrow, as she was serene in her days of joy. But I comforted myself. I decided that Jennie, good as she was—dear, loving, noble—could not comprehend the idea of patriotism. And, once, a thought of falsehood crossed my mind. I reflected that I had never tried her—she might not be true to the absent: it would be good to test her faith.

And so I went. Let me forget the horrors and the triumph of that long adventure. Instead of two years I was away seven; and from the first I was sad, sick, remorseful. Nothing but memory recalled to me the thought of love. And then did Jennie's reproaches rise up in judgment against me. I was long lost from her during the confusion of that terrible campaign. A solid continent now lay between us, and now an ocean. I heard not of her during four years. Ah! she has forgotten, said I, the fiery, wilful one of whom she gave her early love.

At length I returned; but I was not he to whom she had said that sweet and dear farewell. I was maimed, mutilated, disfigured—a cripple, an object. I came home with a [illegible] fill'd half with trophies, half with the [illegible], sightless remnants of a glorious war. But then it was a glorious war. Yes; in twenty years the earth had been dyed with the blood of six millions of men. What a miserable thing—the relic of a man—I looked, when in the sunny summer we bore down the Channel. I thought of Jennie, as the parting cup went round. I already looked upon her as lost; I had not falsified my pledge, yet had I not broken my own [illegible]

[illegible]

Pictures of Life.

NOT AT HOME.

FROM MRS. DENISON'S "HOME PICTURES."

Mrs. Granger, Mrs. Dr. Mader, and a little interesting woman, Mrs. Ringgold, a new acquaintance, all happened to meet here this morning. My first impulse was to be not at home; but, on second thought, I contrived to infuse a little animation in my features, and crept down stairs. They were all so cordial and happy, and so delighted with my baby, that I felt better pleased with the visit than I thought I should.

Our conversation for once took an unexpected turn, and somewhat an elevated tone; the theme was the very one, of all others, that I have often wished to broach, the propriety of that universal excuse, "Not at Home!"

Mrs. Mader declared she could see no harm in such a very little white lie, for in one sense we were not at home—to company! She found it a most convenient thing for house, and if she had a headache, or wanted a day for herself, she did not scruple to use it.

"I shall remember that," said Mrs. Granger, laughing.

"Oh, to my intimate friends, I am, of course, always at home," replied Mrs. Mader, blushing; "but now confess that you use this subterfuge occasionally, though you are a professor. You certainly cannot always see your immense circle of visitors at all hours."

"I certainly cannot; but I believe I never sent that message to the door but once—and for that once," she continued, a very painful look crossing her sweet face, "I shall never forgive myself. It was some few years after I became a Christian; and when I told my servant that morning to my 'not at home' to whoever might call, except she knew the person, and it was a very near friend, I felt my cheeks tingle; and the girl's look of surprise mortified me consciously. But she went about her duties, and I about mine; sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure much more time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of my conscience.

"Well, the day wore away, but left me with a good consummation to my fancied duties, and a wretchedly accusing spirit.

"When husband came home, he startled me with the news that a very near and intimate friend was dead.

"'It cannot be,' I replied, 'for she exacted from me a solemn promise that I would, alone, sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to divulge. You are misinformed; no one has been for me,' and here, suddenly, a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

"'She sent for you, but you were not at home,' said Mr. Granger, innocently; and then he continued: 'I am sorry, for Charles, her husband, says that he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought after you, but the servant said *she did not know where you had gone!* I am sorry. You must have been out longer than you usually are, for Charles sent his man over here three times.'

"Never in all my life did I experience such intense loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I; but I had placed it out of my power to reprove her by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust; and the next day I resolved, over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never, under any circumstances, say, 'Not at Home.'"

"But did you find out the secret?" asked Mrs. Mader.

"Never; it died with her. It was in relation to a little child in the family, over whom there is a lawsuit pending; and I have always felt painfully conscious that I might have received information by which the child would be greatly benefitted."

"That reminds me of a similar circumstance that occurred in my husband's practice," said Mrs. Dr. Mader. "When we first moved to the city, we were very intimately acquainted with Justice Allen's family, who lived in the suburbs in a very beautiful mansion. The doctor called there quite often as a friend and acquaintance. Mrs. Allen had but one child, a son, some five years old, a little angel in looks and disposition, and as complete an idol as ever shared the love of two devoted hearts. One day my husband rode by, and, as was his wont, stopped there a moment; but a green servant met him, and told him the mistress was not at home; so he drove off again. Some two hours after, he came back, and was surprised when I told him that Justice Allen's man had been after him long ago; that Mrs. Allen was nearly crazy, and the child dying, having accidentally swallowed poison. He hurried back; the house was thronged with doctors, and little Eugene laid just breathing his last. He ascertained what time the accident occurred, and found that, had he not been misinformed at the period of his first visit, he could easily have saved his life. When Mrs. Allen learned that he had actually stood at her own door at the very moment of the discovery, her reason forsook her, and she has never since fully recovered. She had given strict orders that morning that she was at home to no one; and, unfortunately, a physician could not be found till nearly an hour too late. So, since that, husband detests the practice. He would be quite angry with me if he knew me to say 'Not at Home' to any one. But what can I do when my visiting-list is so large? One would not like to send down an excuse; for my part, I don't see how you get along."

"I do very well without resorting to an absolute falsehood."

"Oh, you can't call it a lie!" exclaimed Mrs. Mader, much mortified.

"Then what is it?" asked Mrs. Granger.

"Why, certainly, not exactly a lie," and then she hesitated.

"What else can you call it? Suppose I should tell a friend, who might happen to ask me, that I had not visited Mrs. Golding today?"

"Why, of course it would be false."

"Well, and where is the difference, if Mrs. Golding had sent word that she was not at home? Certainly, we should have felt bound to believe the correctness of the message."

I felt uncomfortable; Mrs. Mader looked uneasily toward the door.

"Besides," chimed in little Mrs. Ringgold, who had been quite silent, "I think it leads to loss of confidence in one's friends. We cannot tell those who would wantonly deceive us, from others who would not, for worlds, give us a false impression. And when we must think, from surrounding appearances, that it is but a subterfuge, our feelings are wounded."

"It is an ugly way of displaying one's partiality, too," said Mrs. Granger. "For instance, I take particular pains to call on Mrs. Mader to-day; she is 'Not at Home.' I regret it, leave my card, and to-morrow meet Mrs. A—— and Miss C——, and understand from them that they yesterday spent a delightful hour with Mrs. Mader; and at the very time that lady was 'Not at Home' to me, they were chatting quite cosily in her parlor."

I don't think Mrs. Granger hinted at any thing of the kind; but Mrs. Mader's cheeks were scarlet. If she did not take it home, I did.

"But what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Dr. Mader, after a long pause.

"Send down the true reason for your non-appearance—you are engaged, or not well, as the case may be, but will see them at such an hour. Act the Christian's part, listen to the promptings of conscience; better offend an acquaintance, than burden the soul with a falsehood."

"But, when one has come from a great distance?"

"Oh, we can easily ascertain by card whether it would be rudeness to decline in such cases; but even then, if the friend comes in a carriage, it is not much trouble to ride away, and no *rational* person will consider it an affront. Certainly, it is better than, as Mrs. Ringgold says, to wound one's feelings, as it accordingly does, to be so cavalierly treated—to be obliged to swallow a falsehood."

"Now, in many places where I go, I can tell, by the very air of the household, that the smiling 'Not at Home' of the sleek servant is false, and I dare say many feel the same who come here. I have almost resolved to act upon Mrs. Granger's plan; it is shocking, this daily round of deception. How far we who live fashionably stray from the pure commandments of God! Once the very thought of an untruth would have made me shiver with horror!"

Poor Mrs. Allen! how sad was the fate of her little babe! [illegible]

[illegible]

THE INQUISITION.

[illegible]

THE SELF-CREATING POWER OF MONEY.—[illegible]

[illegible]

Local News. / Clippings.

Fashionable Farming.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady.—"Dear, dear, it's coming on to rain! Run, James! quick, and fetch an umbrella and two parasols. I'm afraid my poor, dear Cochins will get the rheumatism!"

Wit and Humor.

GUNEOPATHY.

BY JOHANNES.

I saw a lady yesterday,
A regular "M. D.,"
Who'd taken from the Faculty
Her medical degree;
And I thought if ever I was sick,
My doctor she should be!

I pity the deluded man
Who foolishly consults
Another man, in hopes to find
Such magical results
As when a pretty woman lays
Her hand upon his pulse!

I had a strange disorder once,
A kind of chronic chill
That all the doctors in the town,
With all their vaunted skill,
Could never cure, I'm very sure,
With powder nor with pill.

I don't know what they called it
In their pompous terms of art,
Nor if they thought it mortal
In such a vital part,
I only know 'twas reckoned
"Something icy round the heart!"

A lady came—her presence brought
The blood into my ears!
She took my hand—and something like
A fever now appears!
Great Galen! I was all a-glow,
Though I'd been cold for years!

Perhaps it isn't every case
That's fairly in her reach,
But should I e'er be ill again,
I fervently beseech
That I may have, for life or death,
A lady for my "leech!"

Boston Post.

A "RAPPING" INCIDENT.—Last Saturday evening, quite a serio-comico affair occurred in Cambridgeport, in one of the pretty cottages of that place. About 9 o'clock, as two young ladies were seated in a room, engaged in reading, one of them had her attention attracted to an item in a newspaper, which dwelt on the "spiritual rappings," now so prevalent; and, whilst having her mind absorbed in this article, she thought she heard a noise proceeding from the cupboard in the apartment, and being of a very susceptible disposition, it much alarmed her. She apprised her companion of the fact, when they both heard three distinct raps, which caused them to be very much frightened, sadly deranging the economy of their tippets and ruffles. After recovering somewhat from their confusion, they mustered sufficient courage to question the "rapper," enjoining it "if you are the spirit of our mother" to "signify it!" Three loud raps, most solemn in their import to them, were the response. In a moment graceful positions were assumed by both of the ladies, and—they fainted.

Another young lady fortunately passed the apartment soon after, and noticing the condition of the fair occupants, succeeded in arousing them from their lethargy, and inquired to what it was owing. So terrified were they that all she could elucidate from them was, "Cupboard! cupboard!" Wishing to divine the meaning of these words of such mysterious import, she went to the cupboard and opened it, when lo! out jumped an enormous—rat! The mischievous animal had crawled into a tin pan, which was hanging against the wall, and his efforts to get out had caused the "manifestations." The conclusion of this affair, relative to the conduct of the young ladies after they were made aware of the cause of all their misery, is too rich to be described.—*Boston Transcript.*

TAKING THE LOT.—A tall, long-legged Yankee from Coos County, New Hampshire, distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck, accoutered with a swallow-tailed coat, and pantaloons that refused to be coaxed down to his ancles, boots shining with tallow, and hat that scorned over a half inch of brim, stalked into the American Hotel, last week to get what he called a "fancy dinner." Being seated at the table, and asked by a servant what he would have—

"Wall, I swan, I don't know," said he, casting his eye down the long array of fricandeaus, cotellettes, ragouts, altogether, "kickshaws" on the bill of fare, which confounded him with their variety, while he despaired of grappling with them all—"what would you take, 'squire, if you were in my place? I can't eat all of I never was to have another meal of vittles from now till snow flies."

"Wouldn't you like some soup?" said the waiter.

"Wall, 'squire, you're 'bout right, I reckon; bring on your soup, and then I'll pitch into your biled vittles. You tax all the same, they say, and it's hard choosin'; so I'll just try one plate *through the lot, I will if I bust!*—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

ONE OF THE WATCHMEN.—A "feller" coming home from California had a monster rattlesnake in a wicker cage, which he deposited, with his other plunder, under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds—half full of drunk and sick "fellers." During a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and the owner coming in and finding his critter gone, yelled out,

"Everlastin' misery! who's seen my watchman?"

Many heads popped up from the flea-infested dirty beds, but nobody had seen the missing article.

"What was he, ole feller, you're inquirin' for?" said a bald-headed man.

"Why, why, my watchman; all my dust is under my bed, here, and I left a guard with it, but he's gone!"

"Guard—was he a nigger or a white feller?"

"No! he was a California rattlesnake, nine foot long and fifty-two rattles on his tail. Have any of you fellers seen the tarnal critter crawlin' round here?"

They hadn't; but all that were able to get out of bed and mizzle, did so in a hurry.

CIRCUMSTANCES GOVERN CASES.—An Irishman employed about a store in Boston, was one day equally surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After ten minutes' jollification, the caller left, when Pat's employer said to him:

"So, Pat, you know that chap in the old country?"

"Och, an' sure I did; an' it's lucky the day I met him here. His grandfather was a general; his father was a general; an' he'd been a general himself, if he'd not come away."

[illegible]

A HARD SET-TO.—PUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.—The erratic Peter Snooks, Esq., chanced one evening lately to meet with his friend, Charley Clewline, at a certain house in this city, where beer is wont to be sold—it is a pretty sure thing to find Peter there at most any hour in the day or evening when he is in town, and after imbibing sundry draughts of the "nut brown ale"—Peter taking quarts each time—these two worthies, finding their fancies rather frolicsome, as well they might be by that time, commenced operations upon punning. They began upon a few proper names; and most ludicrous was the result of their labors. I will give a few specimens.

Charley took the name of one Mr. Lemon. "Were this individual," said the waggish Clewline, "to ring a peal upon the chime of bells, wouldn't it be a *lemon peel*?"

"And were I to request him to arise," replied the renowned Snooks, by saying "Lemon, sir, up! Wouldn't that sound like unto *lemon syrup*, eh?"

"I've got such a good 'un now!" roared forth Charley in great glee, rubbing his hands in an ecstacy of delight. "Give me a piece of chalk, and I'll show you." The chalk was furnished, and Clewline wrote upon the floor the word "doctor," then sketched immediately after it a semblance of a bear and their two profiles, leaving his friend to decipher the riddle, giving him a little cue to it, by saying that the two faces meant "us."

Peter was not so far gone but that he read the sentence at once, and taking up the chalk, sketched a knee, wrote the word "he," drew a pismire after it, then sketched a bar with the words "to let" upon it.

"Nehemiah Bartlett! by all that's queer," shouted the other.

"Now here's at ye, once more. Suppose a man should get up from his bed, and make a hole with an auger or gimblet anywhere; would not that be that he left his bed and *bored*, eh, Peter?"

Peter was dumb.—*Boston Post.*

IT TAKES THE YANKEES.—A correspondent of the Milford Journal gives this amusing account of the way a Yankee took to discover a fellow-traveller's age: "Among our company, in ascending Mt. Washington, was a loquacious old gentleman from the 'Buckeye State,' who, mounted on his good steed 'Black Hawk,' pretends to know everything about 'men and mountains' and a little more. His locks are white, but he has just been married—Winter unto Spring—to a young and blooming woman; and is now upon his bridal tour. An inquisitive Yankee thus addressed him:

"'Mr. W——, the party all desire to know how old you are?'

"'How old?' replied the veteran; 'why old enough to keep that secret to myself. You Yankees, never answer a question, and being with the Romans, I must do as Romans do. Find out my age, or how long I've been married, if you can.'

"Climbing down over the rocks, and wondering at the beauty of the scene and the agility of our ponies, the aforesaid Yankee, in a careless tone, calls out to Mr. W——, and says,

"'They say, Mr. W——, that you are the oldest man that ever went up Mt. Washington.'

"'What! what!' replies the startled bridegroom; 'how old a man has ever been up here?'

"'Seventy, only seventy or so,' rejoined the Yankee, with *sang froid*.

"'Seventy!' exclaimed Mr. W., 'I certainly am not but *sixty-five*!' And with that came, as you may well suppose, a hearty and continuous burst of laughter at the expense of Mr. W——, from our motley cavalcade."

☞ A laughable story of some carrier-pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of a celebrated journal published in that city sent a reporter to Brussels for the King's speech, and with him two carrier-pigeons to take back the document. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicate fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast, he paid his bill and called for his pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why, you have eaten them, sir!"

Selected Articles.

THE BETTER LAND.—A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island, in the midst of the ocean, on which they had been shipwrecked. Roots and vegetables served them for food; a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent; bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island four Moors in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles. But the boat was too small to take them all over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four black men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not: it is better yonder, and you will all follow soon."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

At last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the black men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared upon the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm trees, and regaled upon the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "Oh, how groundless was our fear!" said the children; "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the black men came to take us away to the better land!"

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country, conveys to us a still higher meaning. There is appointed for us all a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth on which we dwell is like an island. The land here is, indeed, a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of Heaven. The passage thither over the stormy sea is—Death; that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at [illegible]

[illegible]

COUGHING IN CONSUMPTION.

The *Herald*, of July 10th, states that during the week preceding, fifty persons died of the consumption in New York City. *Per contra*, a gentleman called upon us yesterday, who actually escaped from the fangs of this disease some years ago; and we are induced to publish the circumstances.

"You speak of coughing continually. Let me suggest to you the query, whether this is not unnecessary and injurious. I have long been satisfied from experience and observation, that much of the coughing which precedes and attends consumption, is voluntary. Several years ago I boarded with a man, who was in the incipient stages of consumption. I slept in a chamber near his bed-room, and was obliged to hear him cough continually and distressingly. I endured the annoyance night after night, till it led me to reflect whether something could not be done to stop it. I watched the sound which the man made, and observed that he evidently made a voluntary effort to cough. After this I made experiments on myself, and found that I could prevent myself from coughing, sneezing, gaping, &c., in case of the strongest propensity to these acts, by a strenuous effort of the will. Then I reflected that coughing must be very irritating and injurious to the delicate organs that are concerned in it, especially when they are in a diseased state. What can be worse for ulcerated bronchia, or lungs, than the violent wrenchings of a cough? It must be worse than speaking. A sore on any part of the body, if it is constantly kept open by violent usage, or made raw again by a contusion just when it is healing, (and of course begins to itch,) will grow worse, and end in death. Certainly then a sore on the lungs may be expected to terminate fatally, if it is constantly irritated and never suffered to heal; and this, it seems to me, is just what coughing does for it. On the strength of such considerations as these, I made bold to ask the man if he could not stop coughing. He answered no. I told him what I thought about it, as above. He agreed to make a trial; and on doing so, he found to his surprise that he could suppress his cough almost entirely. The power of his will over it increased as he exercised it, and in a few days he was mostly rid of the disposition to cough. His health, at the same time, evidently improved, and when I last saw him, he was in strong hopes of getting out of death's hands."

This occurred 18 years ago, and the man comes round now, an active business man, averring that he has not had a sick day since.—*Circular.*

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behaviour Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents,'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy,' and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter, and attract the attention of gentlemen, by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers, or from vulgar books? Surely not from low companions? We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk—also, that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted she was 'floored.' When submitting to do a thing unwillingly, 'she was brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half-a-dozen gentlemen about her; their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of having always 'lived in society.'"

MARSHFIELD.—A correspondent of the Daily Advertiser gives an interesting account of a recent visit to the farm of Mr. Webster, from which we copy the following extract:

Everything at the house, at Marshfield, is just as Mr. Webster left it. There is no one living in the house except the one or two servants who take care of it; but it does not have the desolate air of a vacant establishment. One almost expects to see some of the family come forward to give the cordial welcome which always greeted visitors there. We went through the house. We passed a few moments in silence, in the room in which the great Statesman breathed his last. We seated ourselves in the beautiful library, the shelves of which are still loaded with books, and the walls adorned with the well-known pictures.

The farm is carried on under the same superintendence and in the same manner as formerly, the general directions and supplies being furnished by Mr. Paige, in behalf of the trustees. It is thought important to ascertain whether it will sustain itself, and how much income, if any, can be realized from it. It thus presents the same general appearance as formerly.

We walked across part of the estate to the grave. It lies, as you know, just at the edge of the old burying ground, where repose the remains of some of the old Pilgrims, on a rising ground which overlooks the ocean. The mound of earth which covers the tomb, bears a slab of marble with the simple inscription "Daniel Webster." In front are the small monuments to Mr. Webster's first wife, and the children. Two other monuments, one with the names of two of Mr. Webster's children who died in infancy, and two of Mr. Fletcher Webster's children, and the other with the epitaph which he directed for himself, are ready, and it was expected that they would be set up to-day or to-morrow. All these things were either arranged by Mr. Webster himself, or since his decease, in accordance with his own specific directions. The epitaph has been engraved upon the marble, line for line, precisely in accordance with his request. The difficulty attending an exact compliance with the directions is the reason why the completion of the monument has been delayed hitherto.

LIBERTY IN ROME.—Some idea of the extent of liberty to be enjoyed in Rome may be inferred from reading the following extract from one of Mr. Bryant's letters:

"Every morning, at an early hour, the people of the city are awakened by military music, and the tramp of bodies of soldiery is heard, as they march through the street. You meet them defiling through the public ways at other hours of the day; you see them performing their manœuvres and exercises in the public gardens; you hear the drum as often as the sound of bells; soldiers are more numerous in public than even priests. Every pains seems to be taken to let people know that they live under a military government, which can afford to dispense with their good will. There are some circumstances, which tend to show that the government rules in as much fear as it seeks to inspire. Not a single copy of a journal from France or England is delivered from the post-office till it is carefully examined to see whether it contains any political intelligence which the government chooses to keep from the knowledge of its subjects, or any political reflections of a nature which it disapproves. If these are found in it the journal is withheld. A German, employed for the purpose, reads the English journals, and whenever he reports in favor of suppressing them, they are destroyed. If the people stand in awe of the government, it is evident that the government dreads the people. There is a distrust on one side, and hatred on the other—a condition of things which may last for years, but which, through a little imprudence on the part of the people, may, at almost any time, be exchanged for a state of open and bloody revolt."

ANIMALCULÆ IN WATER.—The idea entertained by most persons, that all water, whether found in springs, wells, brooks, ponds or cisterns, or even that fresh rain water, is filled with living creatures, in, so far as the microscope enables us to ascertain, without foundation. Water is a compound of two gases—hy[illegible]

[illegible]

FAME.

This is a translation of one of the most perfect of the lyrics of Schiller, and so well done, that it loses little by transfer into our language. There is a thought in every line.

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass;
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the Ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be for ever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh! never, never!
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

DON'T TOADY.—Do most any thing, young man, but don't toady. It's the very last act a human being should be guilty of. Toadying—bah! Do aught and all else but that. Sweep the streets, draw a hand-cart, saw wood, shovel coal, peddle pea nuts and candy, everything and anything, but *do not toady*. A right down solid, sensible man never, of course, toadies. It is only your half-made, half-grown, half-brained, half-eyed fellows that affects the shabby and disgusting practice. A Toady! Bah! again. Young man, keep free of it and of him. Haven't you a head, hands, feet? and are you not able to be something better than a straw, a shell, a rank tool? Any way in heaven and decency's name, don't toady, in any shape. Keep up your manhood by putting down all such folly and baseness. Let the world see that you are superior to it, that you despise it; that toadyism is no part of your nature, taste, education or habit. In a word, don't toady. Mind that.

For the Young.

ATMOSPHERE.

Q. What is meant by the bladder "*collapsing*?"

A. The skin becoming *wrinkled*, *shrivelled*, *and flabby*; because there is not sufficient air inside to *fill* it.

Q. Why do *persons* who *ascend* in *balloons*, *feel pain* in their eyes, ears, and chest?

A. Because the air in the upper regions of the atmosphere is more *rare* than the *air in their bodies*; and (till *equilibrium is restored*) pain will be felt in the more sensitive parts of the body.

More especially in the tympanum of the ear.

Q. Why do *persons* who *descend* in *diving-bells*, *feel pain* in their eyes, ears, and chest?

A. Because the air in the diving-bell is *compressed* by the upward pressure of the water; in consequence of which, great pain is felt in the more sensitive parts of the body.

The pressure thus caused is sometimes sufficient to *rupture* the membrane of the tympanum, and produce incurable *deafness*.

Q. Why do we feel *oppressed* just *previous* to a storm?

A. Because the air is greatly *rarefied by heat and vapor*; and the air within us (seeking to become of the same rarity) produces an oppressive and suffocating feeling.

Q. How do you know that the density of the air is lowered, previous to a storm?

A. Because the *mercury* of a barometer rapidly *falls*.

Q. Why do *cellars* feel *warm* in *winter*?

A. Because the external air has not free access into them; in consequence of which, they remain almost at an *even temperature*—which (in winter time) is about 10° *warmer* than the external air.

Q. Why do *cellars* feel *cold* in *summer*?

A. Because the external air has not free access into them; in consequence of which, they remain almost at an *even temperature*—which (in summer time) is about 10° *colder* than the external air.

Q. Why is it often *painful* and difficult to *breathe*, on a *mountain-top*?

A. Because the pressure of air on the mountain top is *not so great as it is on the plain*; and the air inside our bodies (seeking to become of the same rarity) *bursts through the pores of the body* and produces great pain.

Q. What effect has *heat* upon the air?

A. Heat *rarefies* the air and causes it to expand.

Q. How do you *know* that heat causes the air to *expand*?

A. Thus, if a bladder *half full of air* (tied tight round the neck) be laid before a *fire*, the air will expand by the heat, and *fill* the bladder.

Q. What is a *barometer*?

A. A weather-glass, or instrument to measure the variations in the *weight of the air*; by means of which *variations*, we may judge what weather may be expected.

Q. What is a *thermometer*?

A. An instrument to show how *hot or cold* anything is.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 11, 31, 27, 1, 46, 44, 28, is a city in [illegible]
My 5, 34, 16, 28, 40, 6, 10, is one of the United States.
My 6, 35, 32, 36, 15, 49 is a city of France.
My 17, 22, 19, 11, 20, 33, 6, 41, 21, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 10, 29, 19, 37, 36, 25, 6, 47, is a celebrated author in Europe.
My 3, 16, 44, 46, 12, 26, 39, 38, 7, is a celebrated author in the United States.
My 11, 16, 32, 43, 7, 41, 31, 27, 15, 14, 37, 38, 39, 42, 2, 26, is a celebrated character in the Bible.
My 36, 47, 3, 27, 11, 43, is a town in Asia.
My 40, 30, 38, 41, 9, 19, is an island near Malaysia.
My 4, 46, 7, 32, 16, 35, is a city in Nubia.
My 44, 13, 40, 11, 14, 41, 6, 13, 5, 26, 29, 37, is a river in Spain.
My 17, 35, 31, 46, 16, 20, 47, 19, 6, 29, 31, is the homestead of a distinguished American.
My 20, 39, 36, 17, 42, is a town in Germany.
My 44, 39, 4, 23, 10, 36, is a city in Ireland.
My 17, 40, 41, 2, 25, 27, 30 is a river in Brazil.
My 39 34, 15, is a lake in California.
My 46, 30, 38, 16, is a mountain fourteen thousand feet high in Oregon.
My 6, 41, 33, 46, 26 is a river in Texas.
My 28, 35, 6, 18, is a town in Mississippi and a mountain in Europe.
My 31, 29, 2, 39, is a town in Russia.
My 17, 40, 30, 5, 26, 47, 28, 45, is a city of Greece.
My 44, 26, 5, 6, 29, 45, is a lake of [illegible]
My 28, 41, 3, 37, is a river in [illegible]
My 40, 30, 31, 18, 37, 16, 10, 39, 10, 20, 47, 36, 39, 6, 40, 16, 29, 29, 36, is the name of a celebrated weekly paper of the United States.
My 17, 38, 34, 20, 47, 10, is a distinguished Physician of Pennsylvania.

My whole is a new version of an old proverb.
Spring Farm. AUSTIN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 5, 6, 3, 13, 15, 4, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 4, 3, 13, 9, is a county in Michigan.
My 2, 6, 3, 7, 4, 5, is a city in France.
My 6, 10, 9, 16, is a town in Missouri.
My 8, 7, 1, 9, 16, 14, is a county in Maryland.
My 5, 15, 8, 9 is a town in Algiers.
My 7, 16, 4, 3, 14, 6, 3, is a city in New Jersey.
My 7, 17, 14, is a town in Scotland.
My 8, 15, 15, 17, is a city in New York.
My 10, 9, 2, 12, 5, is a town in Ireland.
My 11, 6, 1, 4, is a town in Georgia.
My 14, 16, 6, 4, 5, is a gulf on the coast of Spain.
My 14, 4, 5, 13, 7, 6, is a canton of Switzerland.

My whole is increasing in wealth and population very rapidly. M. J. B.
Mount Holly.

CHARADE.

Posed in one form, my letters tell
The affected look of many a belle;
Take out one from them, and you'll view
What gold connects, and iron too;
Another take, and you will find
What's daily used to tell the mind.

G. M.

PROBLEM.

There is a fish whose head is 12 inches long, and whose tail is as long as its head plus ⅓ of the body, and whose body is as long as the head and tail both; what is the length of the fish? S. A.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why should a deed not be dated in a gig? Ans.—Because it would be "a-cally-dated."

☞ What tune is it that ladies never call for? [illegible]

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

A GEM.—One of the sweetest gems of poesy ever written, is the following, from the pen of Frances Ann Butler:

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

"Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth."

Agricultural.

STARVING IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

The man who should starve himself with a thousand bushels of wheat in his granary, or with a hundred barrels of potatoes in his cellar, because he knew not how to cook or convert them to food, would not commit a greater act of folly than some of our land-owners, who possess vast means of fertilizing their fields, which they never apply. We have been struck with the pointed remark of L. Giles, in his address before the Windham County Agricultural Society, that "*most men own a second farm, beneath their present surface, which has never been disturbed by the plough.*" We once knew a wealthy man who had a fine farm in one of the best counties of Western New York, and which he had cultivated on a bad system for many years, until some of the finest fields were reputed to be nearly worn out, and yielded poor, or at best, very uncertain crops. His land had usually been ploughed about four inches deep, but occasionally "subsoiled," as the owner termed it, to six inches. A part of it fell into new hands, and it was immediately turned over to a depth of eleven or twelve inches by means of three yoke of oxen attached to a Michigan or double mould-board plough. An entirely new material was turned up to the light of day, consisting in part of the fertilizing calcareous subsoil, and in part of rotten leaves, decayed roots and black mold, which had never been reached before, presenting all the appearance of newly cleared land, and giving immediately a heavy growth in crops. In a neighboring county, an extensive and intelligent farmer assured us, that so great was the fertility of his subsoil that he would regard it as a favor could he have six inches of the upper soil completely carried off from his lands. Yet he never ploughs more than half a foot in depth, and does not subsoil or trench plough, because he "cannot afford it." In some of the interior portions of the State, the soil is a light sand, which suffers drought and sterility from a want of clay and marl. Now it happens that a large portion of this light and thin soil is underlaid at a depth of a foot or two with a strong, calcareous loam, which might, at a very moderate expense, be thrown up from pits, and spread in large quantities over the surface, and in some places it may be reached even by subsoiling and trench-ploughing. One farmer accidentally discovered this subterranean bed of fertility, by spreading broadcast from a ditch for a few yards on each side, the earth taken from the digging. In an unfavorable season, when the rest of the field produced only four bushels of wheat per acre, the land adjoining the ditch, which had been dressed with the subsoil, yielded at the rate of twenty bushels per acre. Yet, to this day, the owner of the farm suffers this fertilizing subsoil to remain untouched and unreached. In other instances, there are extensive beds of peat and of marl, lying just as they have done for centuries, with the adjacent uplands starving for their beneficial influence, which, if not as great as that of yard manure, is at least much more permanent.

A late English agricultural journal, gives a few examples of great benefit derived from using the material of the subsoil:—

"We have in our mind's eye at this moment a case where a farm of moory land, but not high-lying was purchased, including an excellent house, for about fifteen pounds per acre. The soil was a white, gritty sand, full of land springs; the surface had once been peat, but the poverty of the tenantry had induced them to pare off the peat from a great part of it, and thus it was left barren white sand to the top. Furze and rushes, with a little heath, was almost the entire produce of the land. The owner drained, at a cost of about three pounds ten shillings per acre, and clayed the whole, by digging ponds, at the rate of 200 loads per acre, or about five pounds more, and then sowed turnips and seeds, followed by wheat. The result was most successful, and the farm is now in good cultivation, and let, we should say, for 20s. per acre. We do not happen to know the exact rental, but it strikes us as being the probable amount. But more; the fences had been planted and died. The owner immediately renewed them by replanting, manuring the quicksets with clay. They grow amazingly, and are now remarkably healthy and good fences.

"Mr. Gould's experience with sixty acres of light moorland, as detailed in the *Transactions of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society*, bear strongly upon the point. He took the waste on a lease, pared and burned, and, in sinking a well, happened to take out some clay, which he carted into his eleven acre enclosure. The result was that his subsequent crop of oats showed a produce of 50 bushels per acre, and his unclayed not more than 30 bushels. The subsequent grass or clover on the clayed part was excellent, while not a plant grew on the unclayed. He then clayed the whole of the 60 acres at intervals, and in 16 years had applied 80 loads per acre—twice, forty—and the result has been most satisfactory in the whole, being rendered capable of growing good crops of corn, turnips, and grass, and is carried on in the four-course system."

It is not every subsoil, we readily admit, that possesses the remarkable qualities of those which have been mentioned, and no one should think of rushing blindly into an extensive experiment, before he has tested its probable value on a small scale. It should not, however, be forgotten, that many subsoils which at first present every appearance of sterility, are often so improved by exposure to the air, by pulverization, and by mixture with the surface mold, as ultimately to become very productive.—*Country Gentleman.*

AGRICULTURE ADVANCING.—"The world *does* move." Even that most conservative class, the Farmers, are gradually wearing off or outgrowing their repugnance to innovation and falling into the current. Witness these facts:

1. There is not now a bag of *Guano* to be bought in the market of this great focus of Importation and Trade. (Some arrived since.)

2. There is not a bag of *Phosphate of Lime* to be bought here at any price.

3. There is not a bag of *Prof. Mapes's Super Phosphate* to be had, except by those who had ordered it long ago, though the manufacture has long been extensively (and we presume profitably) prosecuted.

4. There is not, and for months has not been, a load of *Draining Tile* to be had in or near our City, though there are two manufactories within a few hours of us; and,

5. There are some ten to twenty firms in the City engaged in the sale of Agricultural Implements, Seeds, Plants, Fertilizers, &c., to Farmers, and all of them that know how to do business must be making money. We learned incidentally a few days since, that the sales of one of those firms amount to $250,000 per annum, on which the profits cannot well fall short of $30,000.

6. There are some forty to fifty Periodicals printed in the United States, which treat mainly of Agriculture, Horticulture and the auxiliary sciences. Some of these are very poor, being valued mainly as Advertising mediums for the Seed and Implement Stores with which they are connected; yet we defy any farmer whose crops are worth $500 per annum, who knows how to read, and has as much brains as an average horse, to take and read even the poorest of them without receiving therefrom a good deal more than his money's worth. Should he blindly and unreflectingly follow all the suggestions of some of them, he will of course be led into some blunders and losses; but even then he will not only farm a great deal better than his grandfather did, but secure far greater crops. He will profit nine times in ten by doing as his paper advises.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CURCULIO.—S. Maxwell, Jr., communicates to the Greenfield Republican the following discovery:

"I have within a week discovered a fact about the curculio which was new to me, and have also found it entirely new to others to whom I have communicated it. All those who have had fruit bitten by the curculio, have probably noticed a little [illegible]

[illegible]

TAKING SUCKERS FROM CORN.

[illegible] it is an unsettled question whether taking suckers from Indian corn is a benefit or an injury to the crop. Formerly the practice of taking them off has been nearly universal; but some experiments which have been made, show that under certain circumstances, at least, the practice is of doubtful expediency. Still we do not think a sufficient number of results have been obtained to justify a positive conclusion, one way or the other, in regard to the subject. For this reason we would advise further experiments by cutting through fields the suckers from alternate rows—leaving rows together—and measuring the corn from each at harvest.

Many points are involved in the question which may effect the result. Much depends on the kind of corn. The Northern varieties frequently have ears on the suckers, especially where from any cause there were not as many main stalks as might have stood on the ground, and of course, taking away the suckers in such cases would lessen the yield. The tall Southern varieties on the other hand, seldom produce ears on any but the main stalk, and hence suckers are not regarded as appropriating moisture and nutriment to the sacrifice of the grain. In some instances Northern corn may be too thick—the suckers increase the difficulty—they are not likely to produce ears under such circumstances, and their growth, by excluding sun and air, and by their draught on the soil, may on the whole be injurious to the crop.

The writer can only refer to one experiment of his own on this subject. Several years ago, he cut the suckers from alternate rows through a part of a field of corn. The soil was rich, and the growth large. The rows left untouched produced most corn—but as the minutes of the experiment are not at hand, we cannot state the precise difference. It was a variety of corn in which the suckers were inclined to produce ears. The rows from which the suckers were taken, did not ripen as rapidly as the others; the stalks and leaves kept green longer, and at harvest there was evidently more moisture in the cob.

But this only shows the result in a single case. It is to be hoped that experiments will be multiplied, and that they will be so conducted that the results may enlighten us on many obscure points.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The Olio.

THE MERCHANT.

The following lines were written by a contributor to The Casket, a paper edited by the ladies of St. Anthony, Minnesota—away on the verge of civilization—and read each week during the winter months before the St. Anthony Lyceum:

Tare and fret,
Gross and nett,
Pot and hogshead, dry and wet;
Brandy made,
Of every grade,
Wholesale, retail, will you trade?

Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Ell or quarter, yard or nail;
Every dye
Will you buy?
None can sell as cheap as I!

Thus each day
Wears away,
And his hair is turning gray?
O'er his books
He nightly looks,
Counts his gains and bolts his locks.

By and by
He will die—
But the ledger book on high
Shall unfold
How he sold,
How he got and used his gold!

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*Edward Everett.*

YOUNG AMERICA.—The following extract from the *North British Review*, will show the opinions entertained of us abroad:

"In conclusion, we will just intimate, and no more, one circumstance which renders America especially formidable. She alone unites all the resources of civilization, with many of the tastes, the habits, and the passions of barbarism. She combines, in an unexampled manner, the commercial and the warlike spirit. Her wealth and trade are already enormous, and are rapidly increasing—her resources of every kind are absolutely boundless; her merchants are the most enterprising, her sailors the most active, her pioneers the most restless and indefatigable in the world, and her people unite an increasing and almost morbid energy with the most shrewd, selfish, long-headed sagacity. While the Yankees of the Eastern States are augmenting the riches of their country by the zeal with which they urge forward the manufacturing and commercial undertakings, the half-civilized settlers of the Western and South-Western portions of the Union—inured to hardships, trained to arms, practiced in danger, as familiar with rifles and revolvers and bowie knives, as with the plough and axe, insensible to fatigue, violent in their temper, unscrupulous in their aggressive tendencies—are the very men to be always prompt for any enterprise which promises either plunder or excitement. A people at once so indefatigable in their arts of peace, and so ready for the pleasures of war, may well be looked upon with uneasiness and distrust. So formidable a combination of qualifications the world has not before seen."

For Housekeepers.

PRESERVED CITRON MELON.—Cut off the hard rind of the melon, (which should be the *preserving* citron, not the green cantelope,) and cut it in pieces of any size and shape you choose; the slices should be from a quarter to half an inch thick. Weigh your fruit, and to every pound add one of sugar. Put the sugar in a preserving kettle with a gill of water to each pound of sugar, and some isinglass dissolved in warm water; it will require a quarter of an ounce of isinglass to every five pounds of fruit. When the sugar is dissolved, put it over the fire and boil and skim it. Then pour the syrup out of the kettle, wash it and return the syrup to it. Now put in the fruit, and set it over a brisk fire, where it will boil rapidly. When the fruit appears translucent when held up towards the light it is done. It will take from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half to cook it. Then take it out a piece at a time, spread it on dishes, and strain the syrup in a pan. When the syrup is lukewarm, put your fruit in the jars and pour it over. Let them stand till next day, put brandy paper over and paste them. This fruit may be flavored with lemons sliced and preserved with it. Do not peel the lemons, cut them in thin slices, and cook them with the fruit. To three pounds of fruit add one lemon. As the citron makes a beautiful but tasteless preserve, it is necessary to flavor it with lemon, orange, or some other fruit. If, when it is a little cool, it should not taste sufficiently of the lemon, a few drops of the essence of lemon may be added.

[illegible]

Original Poetry.

LINES.

ON THE DEATH OF [illegible]

[illegible]

Original Novelette.

THE LOST HEIR[illegible]

A STORY OF HOWLE[illegible]

[illegible]